

MERRY'S MUSEUM



Vol. XIV. DECEMBER, 1847. No. 6.

Talks and Walks.

[Continued from p. 146.]

CHAPTER XII

FROM what we have said about Paris, it might be imagined that the people there are wholly devoted to pleasure and amusement. It is a common idea that the French are a gay, thoughtless, and frivolous people. But there are many things in Paris which teach us that this is not wholly true.

The learned men of this city are among the most celebrated in the world. There is an establishment called the *Institute*, which includes several hundred persons devoted to science. Some spend their time in studying into the nature of bugs and butterflies, some study plants, some animals, some geography, some geology, and some astronomy. Some of these men are devoted to the study of history, some to philosophy, some to mechanics, some to one thing, and some to another.

If you go to the Institute, and see these

men together, you will find them a grave, serious, and deep-thinking set of persons, whose works are instructing the whole world. No city can boast of so great a number of truly scientific men as Paris. They pursue their studies with great ardor; and, if they make any great discovery, the French people are sure to reward them with applause. Even if the French are a gay people, they have a great admiration of genius and talent. With them, a man of science or learning is a much greater man than one who is merely rich.

A pleasing evidence of this has recently been furnished. A young man, by the name of Le Verrier, devoted himself to the study of the stars. One of the planets, called *Uranus*, has been observed by astronomers to have an irregular movement in performing its circuit around the sun. This deviation was discovered by means of telescopes; for the planet is eighteen

hundred millions of miles from us, and it is hardly to be seen by the naked eye.

The irregularities of this planet were attributed to the attraction of another planet, which had not yet been discovered.

Astronomers had found out the size of Uranus, and the density, or weight, of the matter of which it is composed. They had also discovered its distance from the sun and the other planets of our system. Taking all these facts into view, Le Verrier sat himself down to see if he could discover, by calculation, where the planet must be to cause Uranus thus to deviate from its track. For years he devoted himself to this curious and difficult task. Night and day found him at his calculations. He did not go forth to look into the heavens to find the planet by gazing at the stars. It was in his room, by figures, by the power of the mind alone, that he sought to solve the mighty question.

It will be observed that he had to calculate the force with which the sun attracted Uranus, and Uranus attracted the sun in return. He must also take into consideration the attractive influence of all the other planets. In order to do this, he must know the precise amount of matter in each of these bodies, and he must know their distance from each other. All his calculations must be exact. Any error would be fatal to his process. He must know one thing more, and that is, the precise extent of these deviations of Uranus from its proper orbit.

Combining all these elements in his computations, he must then proceed to determine the precise point in the heavens where the disturbing planet should be.

The result produced a thrill of admiration throughout the world. Le Verrier came to the conclusion, that, at a particular point in the heavens, thirty-five hundred millions of miles from us, the new world would be found. He had calculated its size, and determined that it would appear like a star of the eighth magnitude, and was therefore invisible to the naked eye. He directed an astronomer to point his telescope to a particular place; and there, indeed, hitherto hidden from human observation and human knowledge, was the mysterious planet. The young discoverer is now one of the curiosities of Paris; and when he walks the streets, the people look at him with admiration, and say, "That is Le Verrier." The rich man passes by unheeded, but the man of genius is an object of respect and admiration in this gay metropolis.

Beside the institutions of a scientific nature, there are many which are devoted to the fine arts. The palace of the Louvre, which is an immense edifice, is filled with pictures and statues. One of the galleries is a quarter of a mile in length, and both sides are hung with paintings, some of which are of immense value.

The *Palais Royal*, or royal palace, which is also very extensive, and celebrated for its beautiful court, its arched promenade, its gay shops, its theatre, and its coffee-houses, has also a gallery of superb paintings.

The palace of the Luxembourg, which is famous for its delightful gardens, has a gallery of modern paintings, many of which are exceedingly beautiful and interesting. Ike and Izzy were never tired of gazing at these admirable paintings.

If I were to speak of public buildings merely in respect to their architecture, I should hardly know where to stop. The *Madeleine* I have already described, and to my eye it is the finest edifice in Paris. The *Bourse*, or exchange, is in a similar style, the vast roof being supported by a range of pillars extending quite around the building. The old church of *Notre Dame*, standing on the little island in the *Seine*, is in the Gothic style. It is a vast structure, and when you enter it, the pillars and arches seem to rise before you, as if you were in a forest, the trees of which were made of stone.

But it is vain to undertake to describe the buildings of Paris. One must see them to understand them.

I have spoken of the men of science and the works of art in this great city. It may well be believed that where there are so many fine specimens of painting, sculpture, and architecture, there must be many artists. This is quite true. There are many hundreds, and some have great fame. The most celebrated painter is Horace Vernet, who now only paints pictures for the king. O, it is wonderful to see what splendid horses, and what animated groups of men, he puts upon the canvas. His finest paintings are at the palace of Versailles, about ten miles from Paris. This palace is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see; but Horace Vernet's paintings are worth ten times as much.

Though Horace Vernet is the most celebrated painter of France, and perhaps the first in the world, there is another in whom my young companions were even more interested. This is poor Ducorny. He is a painter, and a very clever one; yet he has neither hands, arms, nor legs.

How, then, can he wield the pencil? He has two little feet, and with one of these he handles his brush as skilfully as if he had fingers. It is amazing to see him. He executes large historical subjects, six and even eight feet square. He has a large machine, upon which he is raised and lowered and trundled about. He has a fine head, but a little bit of a body. He is a man of sense, and is always cheerful. He converses freely, shrugs his shoulders, and flourishes his foot, as another would wave his hand.

His father carries him about, and has always done so. He also feeds him and takes care of him as if he were a child. He is very old now, and poor Ducorny sometimes weeps to think of his situation when his father is dead.

Besides the painters, sculptors, and architects of Paris, there are many famous musicians. The French seem, indeed, to have a lively feeling of the beautiful, and a quick sensibility to appreciate every excellence in art.

It is this sensibility, this appreciation on the part of the people, which stimulates the artists, and cheers them on to excellence. Such an excitement is better than money; for when a man finds that the world is delighted with his productions, he will put forth his best efforts to attain higher and still higher excellence.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAVE spoken of some of the gayer scenes of Paris. Let us turn aside a few moments, and contemplate one of a more serious character. In the eastern part of the city, just without the wall, is the cem-

etery, or burial-ground, of Pere La Chaise. The street by which you enter this consists almost wholly of the shops of stone-cutters, whose doors and windows are filled with grave-stones. Women are sitting at the doors, with bundles of wreaths to sell, for the purpose of decorating the tombs in the cemetery. These are chiefly made of the yellow flower which we call 'everlasting;' they give it the name of *immortel*. The wreaths are generally circular, but they are often wrought in the form of a cross, and the flowers are sometimes colored black.

As you pass along the street, an idea that has hardly occurred to you before is forced upon the mind. In the gardens, streets, and promenades of Paris, there are such constant gayety and life, that one forgets that there is such a thing as death. Can these gay Parisians die? I had never put to myself such a question. It would seem that every thing is done to keep the idea of our mortality out of view. But still death is as busy here as elsewhere. Every day, and many times a day, the black hearse passes along this street of tombs into Pere La Chaise, the city of the dead. The gayest butterflies in the Elysian Fields, and the Gardens of the Tuileries, must be arrested in their course, and moulder in the tomb. There is no respite; death knows no favor. Soon or late, every one must be his victim.

The cemetery is evidence of this. Its extent is one hundred acres, and this vast surface is covered with graves. These are of every form, some humble and some costly. It is said that the stones of which these tombs are composed would build a city sufficient for forty thousand people.

The cemetery occupies a steep declivity. It is laid out with various avenues, and the greater part of it seems so covered over with graves, as not to admit another.

Some of the monuments are very costly, and many are inscribed with names familiar to every ear. Here sleep generals who were famous in Bonaparte's wars; men distinguished in the French revolution. Here is the resting-place of orators and statesmen, poets and philosophers. Artists, citizens, soldiers, all are represented in this region of death.

The peculiar characteristics of the French people are strongly displayed even in this mournful place. Their love of show is evinced by the sumptuousness of these monuments. Their sentimental turn is often displayed by the tender and touching inscriptions on the tomb-stones. Their disposition to throw a cheerful light upon every thing, even the grave, is shown by groups of living flowers planted by the tombs, or bouquets frequently renewed which are hung upon them. The affection of friends, continued even to the dead, is manifested by offerings of flowers or funeral wreaths, placed at the door of the tomb. It would seem that the living hardly believed in death; and, by emblems and mementos, seek to keep up a communion with those who are deposited in the tomb.

There are other cemeteries in Paris, but this is the most beautiful and the most celebrated. At least ten thousand persons die, every year, in Paris; and, though there are a million living, it is easy to see that there are many millions more around them who are dead. There is beneath the city a vast cavern, called the *Catacombs*.

It was formed by taking out stone from quarries to erect houses above. These Catacombs have long streets corresponding to those above them. Here the bones of the dead, being taken out of the graveyards, were set up in regular order. The place is closed, and it is rare that a person is permitted to descend into these grisly regions. But while we were in Paris, a young man, whom we knew, descended into the Catacombs, and gave us an account of them. He said that the skeletons were taken apart, and assorted like goods upon a shopkeeper's shelves. In one place there would be a row of skulls, then the bones of the leg, and then those of the arm. These amounted to millions. What a feeling does the idea of such a place excite in the mind! There is something ridiculous in it, even in the midst of its horror. It is a thing altogether French, and nothing of the kind could be found in any other place than Paris.

There are many institutions in Paris which bespeak a kind and parental care on the part of the government. There are hospitals for the sick and wounded, and the poor may have the best attentions without money and without price. A little out of the city is an asylum for the insane called the *Bicêtre*, a word made out of *Winchester*, a bishop of that name having built a chateau here, several hundred years ago. In this hospital there are eight hundred lunatics and idiots, who receive every kindness and attention that humanity can devise.

When we visited this place, our little party were much interested in one of the inmates, who came to us, and, finding we were Americans, spoke to us in English.

He declared he was not insane, and, to prove this, he took several books from his pocket, which were in various languages. One was in Greek, one in Hebrew, and another in Arabic. He seemed to read them with accuracy and facility. He spoke of America, and seemed to be well acquainted with the country. "And now," said he, "can I be insane? Can a crazy man have such knowledge? Can a deranged intellect interpret strange languages, and combine exact trains of thought? No! no! it is sheer oppression that keeps me here. It is a conspiracy on the part of the government. They know who I am, and they fear me. I am a brother of the murdered Louis XVI. My veins are filled with royal blood. The crown of France is my lawful inheritance, and these conspirators know it. Providence has interposed in my behalf. Miracles have been sent to attest my claims and character. My image has been multiplied around the whole circle of the horizon; but, alas! my hard-hearted oppressors cannot be softened, even by the admonitions of Heaven."

One of the most celebrated charitable institutions of Paris is the Hospital of the Invalids, a magnificent edifice, where worn-out old soldiers are taken care of by the government. They are very comfortable, though many of them are shattered by wounds received in battle. Some get about with canes; some hobble on crutches; some have but one arm or one leg, and some have none. A good many of these gray, weather-beaten men are the brave fellows who fought under Bonaparte. Their leader is in the midst of them, for his body is buried in the chapel which belongs to the Hospital.

"He sleeps his last sleep;
He has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him
To glory again."

The same will soon be said of his followers, who linger around him in the Hospital of the Invalids.

Paris has also hospitals for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb. It has one for old men, and one for old women. The latter are interesting, yet the impression they make upon the mind is not pleasing. In the sick-room of one of these establishments I saw a considerable number of persons, and among them several who seemed to be passing out of existence like a waning lamp. They had no disease, and were dying only because the vital principle was exhausted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE is one establishment in Paris, which may properly come into the closing chapter of these Talks and Walks, for it is peculiarly characteristic of this city. This is the Garden of Plants, an institution which combines science and pleasure; which may instruct the humblest mind, as well as that of the most learned philosopher, and which, though it is fitted up with great beauty, labor, and expense, is still open to every body. Where is there another city in which there are public establishments like this?

The Garden of Plants, or King's Garden, lies in the eastern part of Paris, near the Seine. It is devoted to two grand objects—a botanical department, in which an immense variety of curious plants, gathered from the four quarters of the world,

are cultivated, and a zoölogical department, consisting of a variety of curious animals from different countries.

When you hear of a botanical garden, or a collection of birds and beasts, you hardly expect to see great beauty of scenery and nicety of arrangement. But when you enter these gardens, you are surprised at the elegance of the grounds. In the first place, you ascend a hill by a winding pathway, and, on arriving at the top, have a superb view of Paris. On the side of the hill is a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, the sight of which carries the mind to Palestine, and fills it with pleasing associations. Some years ago, a rumor got abroad in Paris, that this tree was to be cut down. The whole city seemed moved with a sentiment of veneration for the tree. It was not only beautiful, but its story was interesting. Many years ago, a traveller in the East plucked up a little shrub on the mountain of Lebanon, and brought it to Paris. He had a weary journey. He was once shipwrecked, but still clung to the little tree. On board ship, he was put upon a short allowance of water; but, thirsty as he was, he saved one half for the little cedar. He brought it to Paris; it was set out in the Garden of Plants, and there it flourishes, an object of interest to every beholder.

Those who are curious in plants may spend days, weeks, and even years, in this wonderful garden, constantly finding something new. But I suppose my readers will prefer to hear about the animals. O, what a collection! and where shall I begin to describe them?

Shall I tell about the bears, gray, brown, and black, that are kept in deep pits with high walls around? What fun the chil-

aren have in seeing these great lubberly fellows roll and tumble about, stand upon their hind legs, and lie flat on their backs, just for the sake of getting a piece of cake ! These creatures look innocent enough ; but, some years ago, a sailor, who ventured in among them, got an awful hugging. On another occasion, a soldier, by chance, dropped a five franc piece into the pit, and descended to pick it up ; when one of the bears seized him and killed him.

I could tell you of the elephants, that have a little pond, where they bathe themselves and roll about, looking like huge hogsheads nearly covered with water. I could tell you of the giraffe, which is a strange mixture of beauty and deformity, of the graceful and grotesque. It seems to swing round its long neck, as if it was a pole used just for the purpose of poking its little head about, hither and thither. Its skin is beautiful—a fawn color, marked with light spots. Its countenance has a gentle but melancholy expression. When it walks, it has such a swinging, dipping, wagging movement, that you cannot fail to laugh outright. It really looks like an animal made up suddenly, partly of an ox, partly of a horse, and partly of an antelope. It is a docile creature, and will take a biscuit from your hand, winding around it a long, black tongue, that looks like an eel.

I cannot stay to tell you of the lions and hyenas, the bisons and buffaloes, the jaguars, and cougars, and I know not what else, collected in this wonderful menagerie. I cannot even stop to tell you of the monkeys, who have a magnificent edifice all to themselves, and who are great favorites with the boys and girls.

Nor can I tell you of the owls and

eagles, the pigeons and partridges, the cranes, herons, cormorants, gulls, fulmars, petrels, &c., all of which have places assigned to them suited to their several tastes, habits, and vocations. I can only mention these things, and leave the reader to guess what the King's Garden must be.

I must now bring my Talks and Walks to a close. I could tell a great deal more about Paris, and I may give some further sketches by-and-by. But as our young readers do not like very long stories, and this is the last number of our magazine for the year, Ike, Izzy, and I, must take our leave for the present.

Recreations.

LET your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid or timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves. Whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and the liberality of their Maker. — *Sterne*.

EVERY child may learn geography by making an allegory of the temperature of his own mind, thus :—

Melancholy is the *North Pole* ;
 Envy, the *South* ;
 Anger, the *Torrid Zone* ;
 Ambition, the *Zenith* ;
 Justice, the *Equinoctial Line* ;
 Prudence and Patience, the two *Temperate Zones*.



Patient Grissel.

THE story of Patient Grissel, or Griselda, has long been famous in almost every country of Europe, and is said to be founded on an actual occurrence, which took place seven or eight hundred years ago. It is to the following purport:—

At the foot of the Alps, in the western part of Piedmont, is a territory called

Saluzzo, abounding in pleasant towns and castles. Walter, the marquis of this country, was a young man without a family, and, being earnestly entreated by his people to take to himself a wife, at length announced his determination to do so. Every princess and great lady now entertained hopes of becoming the Marchioness of Saluzzo.

But the marquis gave his attention to none of these, and, to the astonishment of every body, made choice of a poor peasant's daughter, named Grissel. She was a modest, unassuming maiden, who spent her time in laboring for the support of her father, now grown old and unable to work. One day, the marquis took his men out on pretence of hunting, and, after traversing the woods for some time, he rode up to the cottage where Grissel and her father lived, and informed the old man that he had come to demand his daughter for a wife.

The old man was overwhelmed with astonishment, and Grissel was no less amazed at this strange and unexpected announcement. But the commands of the marquis were, of course, instantly obeyed. Grissel was adorned with robes of state, and conducted to the city, where, in the cathedral, the marriage ceremony was performed the same day. The affair became what is called a "nine days' wonder" to all the country, and every body was astonished that the marquis should overlook all the great ladies in the land, to set his affections on a poor country girl.

Grissel lived very happily with her husband, for she was not proud of her sudden elevation, and strove to please every one about her. When a daughter was born to her, she thought the marquis would love her still more. But so it happened, that a strange whim now possessed this man. He determined to prove his wife, and make trial of her virtues, though she had never given him any cause for distrust. So, one day, he entered her chamber, pretending to be very angry, and told her that he must take

her child away from her, as the people had resolved that none of her posterity should reign over them.

Grissel was overcome with grief at the news. However, like a dutiful and obedient wife, she submitted, and allowed her infant to be separated from her with many tears. The marquis sent it away to a distant place, where it was taken care of; but his wife passed her days in secret sorrow, imagining that her child was put to death. When a second infant was born to her, she hoped she should be allowed to bring it up in her own family; but the marquis was desirous to put her to a further trial; so he demanded that one also. Poor Grissel, whose heart was bound up in her children, fell a-weeping bitterly at this new misfortune. However, she complied with meekness and humility, declaring that she submitted in every thing to her lord's commands.

This infant was also sent away secretly, while the hapless mother believed it was cruelly put to death. Nevertheless, she made no complaint, but conducted herself as a faithful and affectionate wife. The unkindness of the marquis to her became known throughout the country, and all people were filled with admiration at her constancy, patience, and dutiful affection.

The marquis, notwithstanding, was resolved to put her to another trial. So he commanded her, one day, to take off her splendid robes, put on her old clothes, and go home to her father's; for she was to be his wife no longer. The patient Grissel immediately complied without a murmur. She disrobed herself, resumed her coarse country dress, and took the way to her

father's cottage. All the nobles exclaimed against the cruelty of her lord, and wondered at her patience and virtue. But she answered that these qualities were befitting a modest woman.

Not long after this, the Duchess of Bologna paid a visit to Saluzzo, and the marquis sent a troop to welcome her, and prepare an entertainment. In the train of the duchess were a gallant young man and a beautiful virgin, the latter of whom, it was reported, the marquis designed to marry. But these were the children of Patient Grissel, which had been privately brought up without knowing their parentage.

The next morning after their arrival, the marquis sent for Grissel, and thus addressed her: "Grissel, the lady whom I am to marry is here, and a feast must be prepared for her. Now, because there is no one so well acquainted with the palace as yourself, I would have you undertake the arrangement of it, and wait upon the company."

"My honored lord," replied Grissel, with meek submission, "every thing shall be done as you command." So, like a poor servant, she immediately set about the business of the house, performing all things with despatch and skilfulness, so that every one was amazed at her amiable and complying disposition, and murmured to see her put to such a trial.

The time for the entertainment being come, the fair virgin was introduced; and she looked so beautiful, that some of the spectators felt inclined not to blame the marquis for changing his wife. He addressed Grissel in the following manner: "You see the lady here whom I intend to marry. Are you content that I should

thus dispose of myself?" "My lord," replied she, "when I became your wife, I devoted myself to obedience. If this match be designed for your good, I am satisfied. Only take care of one thing. Try not your new bride as you did your old wife, for she is young, and, perhaps, has not that patience which your poor Grissel possessed."

The marquis, who till now had worn a stern countenance, could contain himself no longer, but burst immediately into tears. "Thou wonder of women!" exclaimed he; "thou champion of true virtue! I have tried thee beyond all moderation, but I will never disquiet thee more. I will never have any wife but thee, thou most faithful spouse! Behold thine own son and daughter, whom I cruelly took from thine arms, to put thy constancy and patience to the trial!"

We need not attempt to describe the overwhelming joy of the mother at thus meeting with her lost children, nor the wonder and admiration of all the court at this unexpected turn of events. After the astonishment and joy on all hands were somewhat quieted, they all sat down to dinner, and the excellent Lady Grissel was now rendered completely happy, as she well deserved to be, for her great modesty and virtue.

The Gypsies.

THIS strange race of people are found scattered, to the number, it is believed, of about 700,000 souls in all, over the whole of Europe, and are distinguished by different names in different countries. In Great Britain they are

called *Gypsies*, from the idea of their Egyptian origin; for the same reason, the Spaniards call them *Gitanos*; in France they were long termed *Bohemians*, because the first European country in which they appeared was Bohemia; in Russia they are styled *Zigani*; in Turkey, *Zingarri*; and in Germany, *Zigeuner* — words conceived to be derived from the term *Zincali*, by which the gypsies sometimes designate themselves, and which is understood to signify, "the black men of Zend or Ind." The characteristic name, however, applied by the gypsies to their own race and language, is said by Mr. Barrow to be *Rommani* — a word of Sanscrit origin, which means "the Husbands."

Counting a Billion.

WHAT is a billion? The reply is very simple: a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, — then an hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days, (for every four years you may rest from counting, one day during leap year,) 105,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still; he would now, according to the usual supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion, he would require 9512 years 34 days 5 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Now, supposing we were to allow

the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years 69 days and 40 minutes!

Long Ago.

WHEN at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the past and gone, —
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how slow the minutes linger,
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning, —
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn, mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words whose music lingers yet,
Holy faces pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair,
Gentle sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance, eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies,
Odors breathed in paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long and gloomy day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the past and gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago

H. H. Brownell.

Manners make the Man.

"THIS splendid dress was made for me!"
Cries Sugar-plum, the pert young cit.
Observer answers, "That may be;
But *you* were never made for it!"



The King of Rome.

THIS is a great title, but yet the fortunes of the one who bore it were rather melancholy than otherwise. In the midst of his power, the mighty Napoleon felt that he, like other men, must die. "What, then, will become of this vast empire I have built up?" said he to himself. "Shall it be broken in pieces, and my labor pass for nought? Who shall wear my crown? Shall it be placed

upon the head of some one who hates the name of Napoleon, and would trample his name and fame in the dust?"

These thoughts made the emperor sad, even in the midst of the splendors that surrounded him. Kings and queens visited the palace of the Tuileries, and paid him their homage. Ambassadors came, and brought testimonials of respect from many nations. Orators, statesmen, poets, gen-

erals, mighty men, and fair dames, blazing with decorations and jewels, glittered in the court of the emperor, and sought in every way to flatter and gratify him; but, alas! he was still unhappy. "What," said he, "will become of my empire? Who will wear my crown? Would that I had a son!"

Well, after some years, the emperor had a son. There was great rejoicing, and the infant was crowned king of Rome. But while he was yet a child, Napoleon's empire was dismembered, the crown was torn from his brow, and he himself was a prisoner in the lonely island of St. Helena. The little king of Rome was king no longer. He went to live with his grandfather, the emperor of Austria, and died at the early age of twenty-one. What lessons are to be learned from the stories of kings and princes!

Typee.

[Concluded from p. 139.]

FEW persons have had the opportunity, enjoyed by the author of *Typee*, of studying the habits and customs of the Marquesan Islanders; certainly none who had the power of conveying their impressions so vividly. He labored under the disadvantage of not understanding the language, and, consequently, lost the explanation of much that was unintelligible to him. But of all he saw he has drawn most striking pictures.

Religion, he thinks, is at a low ebb in *Typee*. They have priests and idols, it is true, but the latter seem to be treated with any thing but reverence. The principal god is called *Moa Artua*, (a little

doll of about a foot in length;) and when this god is to be consulted, the chief priest, Kolory, brings him out in his arms, asks him some questions, and then holds him up to his ear for the answer. If the god does not give one at once, Kolory beats him and cuffs him, and treats him with all manner of indignity. Finally, the priest pretends that he has extorted an answer, and gives it in his own words to the assembled crowd, who receive it with enthusiasm.

Religion was a favorite topic of conversation with Kory-Kory, and he was always ready to discourse upon it to Melville. But the latter could understand very little of what he said, and confesses to being much puzzled with the subject.

The government of the chiefs is exceedingly mild. Indeed, the writer thinks that there is but little need of the restraint of laws. There seems to be no fear of robbery or assassination; locks are nowhere to be found, and each person's property is respected by all the others. The land is held in common, all having an equal right to pluck fruit from the trees.

The marriage tie exists in *Typee*, though it is not so strictly enforced as with us. There is polygamy too; but what is strange, a plurality, not of wives, but of husbands! At the feast of calabashes, Melville saw some widows, who took a singular mode of exhibiting their grief for their lost husbands. "I was amused," he says, "at the appearance of four or five old women, who, in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the sur-

face, after being perpendicularly pressed into the water. They preserved the utmost gravity of countenance, and continued their extraordinary movements without a single moment's cessation. * * * Kory-Kory proceeded to explain the whole matter thoroughly; but all I could comprehend was, that these leaping figures were bereaved widows, whose partners had been slain in battle many moons previously, and who, at every festival, gave evidence, in this public manner, of their calamities."

In spite of the unceasing kindness of the natives, Melville began to be heartily weary of his captivity. He had been now, as nearly as he could guess, three months at Typee; had grown familiar with his narrow limits; and, since Toby's departure, there was no one with whom he could freely converse, or who could sympathize with his sufferings. It was about this time, too, that his leg began again to give him pain, and he was soon not able to move about without assistance.

In this wretched situation, an incident occurred which excited still more Melville's apprehensions as to his future fate. It was the custom of the islanders to hang various articles in their houses, overhead, upon the ridge-pole. The greater number of these had been often let down and examined in his presence. But there were three, hanging just over the place where he lay, which, by their remarkable appearance, had often excited his curiosity; but Kory-Kory had always refused to gratify it.

One day, returning unexpectedly from the Ti, his sudden arrival excited confusion among the inmates of the house.

Pressing in, in spite of Marheyo and Kory, Kory, he found that the mysterious packages were undergoing an inspection; and, as they threw the coverings on in a hurried manner, he caught a glimpse of three human heads; one, that of a white man! His horror at this ghastly spectacle may be better imagined than described. They assured him that the three heads were those of Happar warriors, slain in battle; but this evident falsehood only added to his alarm.

About a week after this horrid discovery, the war-alarm was sounded one morning through the valley. The warriors rushed to arms, and, in the course of an hour or two, returned, bearing among them what Melville supposed to be the bodies of their slain enemies, the Happers. The next day was ushered in with great noise of drums; all the savages flocked to the Ti, and Melville could not doubt but that the cannibals were celebrating their hideous rites. Kory-Kory would not listen to his going there, but always exclaimed, "Taboo! taboo!" when it was proposed. The drums continued beating through the day.

The next morning, all was quiet again. Melville went to the Ti, as usual, and was received by Mehevi and the chiefs as if nothing had happened. He perceived, on the pi-pi, a large, wooden vessel, with a cover, which he had never noticed before. He raised it, in spite of the shouts, from the chiefs, of "taboo!" and he discovered the members of a human skeleton! Kory-Kory, observing his horror, said, "Puarkee!" (pig;) and Melville had sufficient presence of mind to pretend to acquiesce.

That night Melville did not close his

eyes. His fate seemed now to be sealed, and he could see no way by which it could be avoided.

"Marnoo! Marnoo!" — such were the shouts that met Melville's ear, one morning, about ten days subsequent to what we have just related. He heard, with inexpressible delight, that the chief had arrived again, and he hastened to greet him. Marnoo told him he was last from his native valley, called Pueearka. He refused to listen to any proposals of escape at first, but, at last, told Melville that, if he would run off some night to Pueearka, he would take him thence to Nukuheva in his canoe. He then turned quickly from him, and entered into conversation with the chiefs. As he was about leaving, he shook Melville by the hand, saying, "You do what I tell you — ah! then you do good; you no do so — ah! then you die." He then made for a defile in the mountain lying opposite to the Happar side.

Melville followed him with his eyes, and rejoiced that he had now a way of escape offered to him. But how to take advantage of it? That very night, he determined to make the attempt.

His plan was to get up in the course of the night; boldly undo the fastening on the wicker door, which could not be loosened without noise; go out on the pretence of getting some water; returning, to leave it unfastened; and, after all were asleep, rise again, and slip out.

The plan was a good one. About midnight, he got up and drew the slide. The natives started up. "Where are you going, Tommo?" they asked. "Wai," (water,) answered Melville, grasping the

calabash. This seemed to satisfy them, and he returned to his mat.

All was still again; and he was just going to rise, when some one went to the door, and drew the slide back again; so there was no chance that night. He was equally unsuccessful on other occasions, and, at last, was obliged to abandon his cherished scheme.

His situation was now most deplorable. His leg was so much swollen, that he could not walk, and he became a prey to the darkest melancholy. He thought of his home and his friends, thousands of miles distant. He thought of his own desperate fate, and he could not restrain a shudder of anguish. He ordered his mats to be placed in front of the door; and the image of every thing he saw, during those long days of suffering and sorrow, impressed itself indelibly upon his mind. Fayaway and Kory-Kory were almost constantly at his side; and when they left him to his repose, he took a quiet pleasure in watching the movement of old Marheyo, as he worked upon his little hut of boughs. Sometimes the old chief would look up from his work, and, seeing his melancholy eye fixed upon him, would raise his hand with a gesture of deep commiseration, and, entering the house, take the fan from his hand, and sit down by his side, swaying it gently to and fro, gazing, the while, earnestly into his face.

But the time was not far distant when Melville was destined to find an end to his long captivity. It was nearly three weeks after Marnoo's second visit, and about four months from the time of entering the valley, when, one day, at noon, whilst every thing was in profound silence,

Mou-Mou, a one-eyed chief, suddenly appeared at the door of Melville's lodging, and said to him in a low tone, "*Toby pemi ena*," (Toby has arrived here.)

Gracious Heaven! what a tumult of emotions rushed through Melville's breast at this news! Insensible to pain, he leaped to his feet, and called wildly to Kory-Kory. The startled islanders sprang up, and all made for the Ti, Melville on the shoulders of Kory-Kory.

All he could understand from Mou-Mou, as they hurried along, was, that his long-lost companion had come in a boat; and he was anxious to proceed at once to the sea, lest something should happen to prevent their meeting. This they would not consent to, and took him into the Ti, where Mehevi and other chiefs were assembled.

Almost frenzied with suspense, Melville passionately besought Mehevi to let him proceed. He felt that, whether Toby had come or no, his own fate was about to be decided. Again and again he urged Mehevi; and, at last, the latter, regarding him with a serious eye, reluctantly granted his request.

Accompanied by some fifty natives, he now pursued his journey at a rapid trot, sometimes on the back of one, sometimes of another. After proceeding four or five miles, they were met by a party of twenty, and an earnest conversation ensued. These brought the information that the report was false, and that Toby had *not* arrived. This was a death-blow to Melville. The savages refused to go on, and took him into a house, and laid him on the mats.

He felt convinced that some strangers had entered the bay, and, reckless of

pain, he started to his feet, and tried to make his way out of the house; but the fierce savages blocked up the passage. He then appealed to Mou-Mou, who was the head of the party. Probably, in consideration of his lameness, the chief gave him permission; but no one would carry him. Kory-Kory was nowhere to be seen, and, perfectly desperate, Melville seized a spear, and made an attempt to hobble to the beach by himself. The natives soon surrounded him again; and now it seemed that there was a difference of opinion among them, and the two parties engaged in a violent altercation. In the midst of the tumult, old Marheyo came to his side, and, with a benevolent expression of countenance, placed his arm upon Melville's shoulder, and pronounced the only two English words he had been taught—"Home" and "Mother." Fay-away and Kory-Kory were both at his side, weeping violently; and the latter, at the command of his father, once more shouldered our hero, in spite of the opposition of Mou-Mou.

The bright billows were now flashing through the trees, and soon they entered the open space between the groves and the sea. An English whale-boat was just outside the surf, manned by five islanders; and just at the edge of the water was a tall figure, whom Melville recognized with joy as Karakoe, whom he had often seen aboard the Dolly, and whose person he knew was tabooed throughout the island. He had various articles in his hands, and was evidently endeavoring to barter for Melville's freedom with the chiefs. His offers were indignantly refused, and this self-denial gave a new proof of their fixed determination not to part with Melville.

In the mean time, a new contest arose between the two parties of those who had accompanied Melville to the shore. Blows were struck, and all flocked to take a part in it, excepting Marheyo and his two children. Melville looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved toward the beach. Tears were in the old man's eyes, and he did not attempt to hinder him. Karakoe ordered the boat to pull in as near as the surf would permit. Melville gave a parting embrace to the weeping Fayaway, and, the next instant, was in the boat. The merchandise was tumbled out as parting presents, and Karakoe told the rowers to give way.

Mou-Mou and six or seven warriors rushed into the sea, hurled their javelins at the fugitives, and then, running to a headland, plunged in, to cut off their course. The wind was right in their teeth, the tide was coming in, and it was a pull for dear life. The ferocious wretches were now breasting the rough sea, Mou-Mou leading the way with his tomahawk griped between his teeth. Melville seized the boat-hook, and the oarsmen held their knives in their mouths, ready to cut the hands off any who should touch the boat. As Mou-Mou approached, Melville dashed the boat-hook at his throat, and forced him under the water. Only one other reached the boat, but the knives compelled him to quit his hold. The next moment, they were safe, and Melville fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoe. * * *

The circumstances which led to Melville's escape were, briefly, these: A whale ship had arrived at Nukuheva, short of hands. Karakoe learned from Mar-noo that an American sailor was detained a prisoner at Typee; and he offered the

captain to get him off, if he would give him some suitable articles of traffic. To this the captain consented. The ship lay off-and-on, outside the bay; and, not long after entering the boat, Melville was hoisted over her side.

Here every attention was bestowed on him; but three months elapsed before he recovered his health. Of Toby he could get no information, and he left the island without getting any clew to his mysterious disappearance.

Not long after the publication of "Typee," it was announced in the newspapers, that Toby was living in the city of Buffalo, in the capacity of a barber, and that the first intimation he had received of Melville's escape from the island and safe return, was from the perusal of his book.

The two comrades in affliction soon had an interview, and Toby related to *Tommo* the following account of his adventures after their parting in the valley of Typee:—

Toby set off in company with a party of the natives, and, after various delays, at length reached the sea. Here he saw a large concourse of men and women, and amongst them an old sailor named Jemmy, whom Toby had often seen at Nukuheva.

Jemmy informed Toby that he was *taboo* throughout the island, and had been speaking to the natives on the subject of his release. He said there was a ship in the other harbor, short of hands, and that, if he would go with him, he might make his escape.

Toby refused to go without Melville, and proposed to return for him. To this

the old sailor objected; saying that they could not get Melville over the mountains, and that if Toby would go with him over land, he would return in a boat for his comrade, the islanders having promised to bring him down to the beach.

Toby was still resolute, and tried to return alone, but they would not permit him. Indeed Jemmy knew that both would not be permitted to go, and it was best for him to get Toby off alone.

He assured him, therefore, that the only chance of effecting Melville's escape was to go with him aboard the vessel. Toby was forced to trust to him, and started off with a heavy heart.

They passed through the valley of the Happers, and, arriving toward night at Nukuheva, paddled off to the whale-ship in a canoe.

The captain agreed to ship him with his comrade, as soon as he should arrive. The next morning, Jemmy started with two of the ship's boats, manned by tabooed natives. He begged hard to accompany them, but was refused permission.

At night, they returned, but no Tommo was with them. Toby upbraided Jemmy for deceiving him. The old fellow made various excuses, and promised to go again in a French boat, the next morning. Toby was not allowed to accompany him, and hardly was the boat out of sight, when the captain prepared to weigh anchor and set sail.

Toby had no redress. His complaints were disregarded, and he was powerless. At the end of two years he reached America, never expecting again to see his unfortunate companion. His joy then may be imagined at learning, through

Melville's narrative, of his escape and safe return to the United States.

The Dahlia.

EVERY person acquainted with flowers is familiar with the beautiful dahlia, which has, within a few years, become a universal favorite, not only in this country, but in Europe. The exquisite symmetry and noble size of this flower, when perfect, render it one of the most showy of all garden plants.

The dahlia is of American origin. It was discovered in Mexico by the scientific traveller Baron Humboldt, in 1789. He sent the flower to Professor Cavanilles, of the Botanic Garden at Madrid, and the latter named it in honor of the Swedish naturalist Professor Dahl. A plant of it was presented by Cavanilles to the Marchioness of Bute, in England; and from this have proceeded nearly all the dahlias now cultivated in that country. These comprise ten or twelve distinct species, the varieties of which are almost innumerable.

The common dahlia, in its wild state, is a bushy, herbaceous plant, seven or eight feet high, bearing single purple or lilac flowers, by no means remarkable for beauty. In cultivation, however, it is so readily improved in size and form, and sports into such endless varieties in stature, leaves, and flowers, that it has become the most extensively cultivated florist's plant of the present day. Each season produces its favorite varieties, and these are, in their turn, eclipsed by others of a newer and choicer form.



Robin Goodfellow dancing with the Fairies.

Robin Goodfellow.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, sometimes called *Puck*, was a little fairy being, who was supposed to haunt the country parts of Old England. He is described as a very roguish and meddling sprite, not altogether malicious, but fond of playing troublesome tricks, and doing petty mischief.

The country people believed that Robin might be kept in good humor by bribes; and hence they were accustomed to set bowls of curds and cream standing for him on the tables and dressers, when they went to bed at night. The next morning, if the bowls were found empty they felt certain that Robin Goodfellow

had eaten the contents. They never thought of the cats and rats.

An old writer, describing this superstition, says, "And if that the bowls of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why, then the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the vat never would have good head." Reginald Scot, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," also says, "Your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight. This white bread and milk was his standing fee."

Shakspeare, in his wild and romantic play of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," thus describes this frolicsome creature:—

"Either I mistake your shape and meaning quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn?
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

Drayton, in his poem entitled "Nymphidia," also introduces this familiar personage.

"He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.
This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;

And, leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

One of his pranks is thus described by an old writer: "*How Robin went in the shape of a fiddler to a wedding, and of the sport that he had there*: First, he put out the candles, and then, being dark, he struck the men good boxes on the ears. They, thinking it had been those that did sit next them, fell a-fighting one with the other, so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose. At this Robin laughed heartily. The women did not scape him; for the handsomest he kissed; the others he pinched, and made them scratch one another as if they had been cats. Candles being lighted again, they all were friends, and fell again to dancing, and after to supper. Supper being ended, a great posset was brought; at this Robin Goodfellow's teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that he could not keep from it. To attain his wish, he did turn himself to a bear. Both men and women, seeing a bear amongst them, ran away, and left the whole posset to Robin Goodfellow, who quickly made an end of it!"

Puck, or *puke*, is an old Gothic word, signifying a spirit. In New York, a ghost is called a *spook*, from its Dutch name. Robin Goodfellow's other appellation of *Hobgoblin* was originally *Hopgoblin*, because he was always hopping and frisking about.

TITLES of honor are like the impressions on coin, which add no value to gold or silver, but only render brass current.

Fable of the Hermit ;

OR, PROVIDENCE VINDICATED.

A DEVOUT hermit lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect the existence of a divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix in the world. In travelling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man ; who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by God to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed, and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality, but was afraid to make any remonstrance to his companion.

Next morning, they went to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent citizen ; but in the night the angel rose, and stole a golden cup of inestimable value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel. In travelling forward, the next morning, they passed over a bridge ; about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening,

they arrived at the house of a rich man, and, begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning, the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen. The hermit, amazed that the cup, which was stolen from their friend and benefactor, should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was the devil, and begged to go on alone.

But the angel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offence ; but had he not been then killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent. His master endeavors to atone for the murder by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity. I strangled the child of the knight. But know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for this child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard ; and is now the most abstemious of men. I threw the poor man into the water. He was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile farther, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man who refused to take us within his roof. He has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer the pains of hell for his inhospitality."

The hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government.

This is the fable of Parnell's HERMIT, which that elegant yet original writer has heightened with many masterly touches of poetical coloring, and a happier arrangement of circumstances. Among other proofs which might be mentioned of Parnell's genius and address in treating this subject, by reserving the discovery of the angel to a critical period at the close of the fable, he has found means to introduce a beautiful description and an interesting surprise. In this poem, the last instance of the angel's seeming injustice is that of pushing the guide from the bridge into the river. At this, the hermit is unable to suppress his indignation.

"Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors fill the purple air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display;
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light."

THE purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

Shakspeare.

Oracle.

KNOWLEDGE of future events is an attribute of God alone, and all information concerning the future must be derived from his authority. Such, however, is the tendency of mankind to explore futurity, that artful persons have, in all ages and countries, put forth pretensions to this knowledge, and have derived wealth and influence from their unfounded presumptions. Among the ancients, the most celebrated oracles were those of Apollo, at Delphi, and of Jupiter Ammon, at Thebes. In these cities splendid buildings were erected, to command for their deities the respect and fear of the multitude. So extended was the belief in their foreknowledge, that kings and states consulted them before undertaking important enterprises, and rich gifts were presented as a reward for the information imparted. The responses of the oracles were delivered in a variety of ways. At Delphi, they were at first given in verse; but, in process of time, the imperfect style of the versification, emanating from such an authority, excited the ridicule of the more intelligent people, and the oracle, to preserve its influence, wisely changed the manner of its answers into simple prose. At the oracle of Ammon, the priest pronounced the response from the hollow of an oak-tree. At Memphis, in Egypt, they drew either a good or bad omen, according as the ox-god, Apis, received or rejected what was presented to him. In some places, where the answers were given by lot, a kind of dice was adopted, on which certain characters or words were placed, whose explanation the applicants were to seek on tables made

for the purpose. Indeed, there has been no folly too gross for the feeble-minded and superstitious to practise, in order to obtain a knowledge of the future; and the history of the world unquestionably proves that all pretensions to such knowledge are based on weakness or ignorance.

Winter.

[See the engraved title-page of this volume.]

THIS is the season for in-door comforts and fireside amusements. A tight room and a good fire must make up for the want of green fields and summer breezes. Nevertheless, there is some pleasure out of doors, in a winter's day, especially on a bright morning, when the ground is covered with snow. We see, in our picture, the diversion which the children are taking with the old cat and her kittens. They offer her a dish of milk, which she is willing enough to lap up. The kittens are a little shy, being probably afraid of the dog. The cows are chewing their cuds in the yard, and the whole sketch forms a quiet and pleasing picture of domestic life in the country.

Success.

THE most important element of success is economy — economy of money and time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but only such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time, or our money, without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us

to drive our business, instead of causing our business to drive us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness; very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence to every animated being. "Happiness," it has been finely observed, "is the proportion of the number of things that love us." To this sentiment we subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe, — who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, — deserves the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none. His life is as a dream; a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion; and he will descend to the grave unwept.

Tobacco.

No sensible is every brute creature of the poisonous and deleterious quality of this plant, that no one of all the various tribes of beasts, birds, or reptiles, has ever been known to taste of it. It has been reserved to man alone to make of this poisonous plant an article of daily necessity for the gratification of his depraved appetite.



Story of a Jaguar.

THE jaguar is a fierce animal, of the leopard kind, inhabiting the forests of South America. Such are his strength and ferocity, that he has been known to seize a horse on the bank of a river, swim across the stream, and escape into the woods with his prey. A traveller in South America gives the following relation of an adventure with one of these animals, which took place in that part of Peru bordering on Brazil.

At the house of a Spanish priest, this traveller met with a Peruvian Indian of uncommon stature. He was six feet high, and stout in proportion. Among other adventures in the woods, this man was distinguished for an extraordinary battle with a jaguar, and the marks of the animal's claws and teeth were still visible upon his body, although many years had passed since the occurrence. It took place in the following manner:—

This Indian and his brother lived on a *chacra*, or farm in the woods, that was much infested by wild beasts. The Span-

iards would seldom allow the natives to use firearms, and the latter were accustomed to pursue their game with an instrument called a *pucuna*, which is a long tube through which they blow poisoned arrows. The Indians also wear a long, pointed knife, in a leather sheath, suspended to a strap buckled round the waist. These, with a spear, are their only weapons in hunting.

One day, the Peruvian above mentioned, in passing through a field in his *chacra*, saw a jaguar lying under a tree. According to the manner of his countrymen, or, perhaps, in his own peculiar way, he began talking to the animal: "Ho, my friend! You are there, are you? I have been looking for you a long while. We have a long account to settle. Wait till I get my weapons, and I will be at your service in a moment." Saying this, he ran off to the house for his *pucuna* and arrows.

When the jaguar saw him coming back with his weapons, he thought it time to be

off; so, jumping up from the tree, he began to run. The man ran after him, and a regular chase ensued. "What," says the Indian, "you are off now, are you? You shall not get out of my company so easily. I must have some further dealing with you before we part." The jaguar, not liking the sound of the man's voice, or the appearance of his weapons, did not choose to wait for him, but made a spring and got up into a tree; for these animals are most expert climbers.

The Indian, coming to the foot of the tree, looked up and saw the jaguar perched upon one of the highest branches. "Oho," cried he, "you are there, are you? Let me see whether I cannot bring you down faster than you went up." He then began to shoot arrows at him with the pucuna; but either the poison was old, and had lost the power which it commonly has of producing immediate stupefaction, or the jaguar's hide was too tough and glossy, for none of the arrows took effect. But the animal was annoyed by the repeated hits, and, after several arrows had struck him, he sprang from the tree, and started again to run.

The chase was renewed, the man overtook him, and the jaguar turned on his haunches to defend himself. The pucuna was now of no use, and was thrown aside; the man raised his left arm to keep the animal off, while, with the right hand, he felt for his knife. But, to his surprise and consternation, no knife was to be found! He had broken the strap in the exertion of running, and the weapon was lost. What could he do without arms against a ferocious beast? Desperation sometimes gives courage, and this individual was not deficient in bravery, besides being

uncommonly strong. He remained firmly on his guard; the jaguar attempted to spring at him; the man struck him with his fist upon the nose, still keeping his left side forward, and his arm extended. In this attitude he continued to talk with the beast thus: "I am without arms, but I am not beaten." The jaguar made another spring, and was again struck upon the nose. "I am without arms, but I will beat you yet," cried the man. In this manner the combat went on for some time. The jaguar seized the man's arm and bit it through; but another hard hit on the nose made him quit his hold. The beast then got one of his claws on the man's head, and tore the scalp through to the skull bone, but was once more beaten off. The man's strength began to fail him, and he would probably have fallen under the attacks of his redoubtable antagonist, when his brother, who happened to be taking a walk that way, hearing him talk in an uncommon manner, came up and discovered his perilous condition. Being fortunately armed with a spear, he instantly ran the jaguar through the body, and concluded this remarkable encounter.

Life's Pendulum.

At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. The measure of our life is a hair-breadth; it is a tale that is told; its rapidity is like the swift shuttle, or the transitory rainbow, or the dazzling meteor; it is a bubble; it is a breath. At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. Between

the rising and the setting sun 42,000 souls are summoned before their Creator. Death is very busy — night and day, at all seasons, in all climes. True, as well as beautiful, are those lines of Mrs. Hemans, —

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
Death!”

He is supplied with a boundless variety of darts and arrows, with which he accomplishes his work. Could all the forms in which death comes to man be written together, what a long and fearful catalogue would it make! Think of the innumerable number of diseases, all at the command of death. And, as though these were not sufficient, see how man is exposed to fatal accidents on every hand, and at every moment. It was a saying of Flavel, that “the smallest pore in the body is a door large enough to let in death.” “The least gnat in the air,” says the same writer, “may choke one, as it did Adrian, or the pope of Rome. A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a counsellor in Rome. A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric poet, Anacreon.” A little ag-nail on a finger recently proved the avenue of death to a physician of London, who was in the vigor of life and health. Even the food we eat to nourish us, and the air we breathe, may introduce death into our systems. And, though every thing else should fail to harm us, we might fall beneath our own hands, should God permit a cloud to pass over our reason. O, how insecure is life! how near

is death! What has been said of the mariner, in respect to his ship, that “he always sails within four inches of death,” may be said of the soul, in relation to the body. If the ship split, then the sailor sinks; if our earthen vessel breaks, the soul is plunged forever into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Were our senses not benumbed and deadened, we should read a warning in every sear leaf, and hear an admonition in every wind that sighs. Even sleep, nature's sweet restorer, would be a nightly monitor of death — an ever-present emblem of mortality.

A Name in the Sand.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand.
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod — the sandy shore
Of time; and be to me no more;
Of me — my day — the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part hath wrought,
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Hannah F. Gould.

— ♦ —
EITHER keep silence, or speak something better than silence. — *Euripides.*

Too Late.

SOME men are always too late, and, therefore, accomplish, through life, nothing worth naming. If such a man promises to meet you at such an hour, he is never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business, either to yourself or him, he will be just as tardy. If he takes passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the cars have started a few moments before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table over again. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at church, at his place of business, at his meals, or in bed. Persons of such habits we can but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, and always ready, even if he should carry out his principles to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband, hinted to the bereaved widow, that, at a proper time, he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the parson made the same proposition to the widow. "You are too late," said she; "the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

THERE are some persons so full of nothing, that, like the strait Sea of Pontus, they perpetually empty themselves by their mouth, making every company or single person they fasten on to their Propontus. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

The Child's Dream.

"O! I have had a dream, mother,
So beautiful and strange;
Would I could sleep on, mother,
And the dream never change!"
"What hast thou dreamed, my dear one?
Thy look is bright and wild;
Thy mother's ear is ready
To listen to her child."
"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,
Beneath an orange-tree,
When a white bird came and sang, mother,
So sweetly unto me;
Though it woke me with its warbling,
Its notes were soft and low,
And it bade me rise and follow
Wherever it might go.
"It led me on and on, mother,
Through groves and realms of light,
Until it came to *one*, mother,
Which dazzled, 'twas so bright.
As tremblingly I entered,
An angel form drew near,
And bade me welcome thither,
Nor pain nor sorrow fear.
"I knew not aught there, mother:
I only *felt* 'twas bliss,
And joined that white bird's song, mother:
O, canst thou read me this?"
"Yes, dearest, to thy mother
Such happiness is given —
The *Holy Spirit* was that bird,
That *grove of light* was *heaven*!"

THE cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vend- ed, and the lips the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out. — *Leighton.*



The Lark.

COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Slow.

From his hum-ble, grass-y bed See the war-bling Lark a-rise,

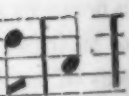
By his grate-ful wish-es led Through those re-gions of the skies.

Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
Harmonizing airy space;
Sings, and mounts, and higher soars
Towards the throne of heavenly grace.

Small his gifts compared to mine;
Poor my thanks with his compared,

I've a soul almost divine,
Angels' blessings with me shared

Awake, my soul! to praise aspire;
Reason, every sense accord;
Join in pure, seraphic fire;
Live, and thank and praise the Lord.



a - rise,



the skies.



shared

aspire;
d;

the Lord.